

The Horse

(a poem)

I stand tall and I stand proud
with fearsome nostrils I'm endowed
I swish my tail and stomp my hoof
my demeanor is a bit aloof

I run through fields
I sleep in barns
my mane gets braided
with colorful yarns

I love to romp
I love to play
I eat grains
and lots of hay

You can ride me
if you like
it's way more fun
than a bike!

I will gallop
and I will trot
make you fall,
I will not!

Come, let's enjoy
this pretty day
will you regret it?
...Neigh!

Birdtown Comics